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standing before its many statues of Frederick the Great and Bismarck—two of the latter immense figures of the man almost as high as a church steeple—I found myself—even at the risk of proving to be something of a Pharisee—thanking God that in my country we had no statues of men who had openly acknowledged their willingness to be mendacious, unjust, and personally doers of evil in other regards, in order to promote the supposed good of their nation. That thankfulness of mine was owing to a conception that I had with reference to the influence of public statues upon the ideas of a people. Recent events have proved that my conception was right.

Any statue of Mr. Lincoln would call attention to democracy and to the good done by a man who succeeded in securing its benefits for an oppressed race. But a statue can do more than this. It can show what democracy is fitted to do for the man himself whom the statue represents. Some may doubt this. They may think that only an expert bothers himself by trying to interpret the meaning behind form. But an expert can read only what is there; and whatever is there, millions of the people can feel and apprehend, even though they may not be able to comprehend it or the reason for it. Small boys cannot explain the meanings of gestures; but if you shake your fist at them, or point your finger, or push with your open hand, they will have no difficulty whatever in understanding what they are expected to do. Besides this, moreover, a statue of a great man should, if possible, inspire admiration and fame for the spectator and ideal.

Strange as it may seem, this Barnard conception has already led to the disparaging of Lincoln as an ideal. The *Outlook* for October 17th, in defending the statue, says: "Lincoln had a gentler and tenderer nature than Cromwell, but although he had benignity he cannot be said to have had charm."

I wish that the writer of this could have seen Lincoln. He certainly charmed my father and myself; and I had a friend particularly sensitive to æsthetic influences, who, after an interview with him, never, to the end of his life, got over expressing his admiration for the refined and delicate outlines, and the beauty, as he termed it, of Lincoln's face. But such opinions are matters of taste, and, perhaps, of opportunity. In repose, Mr. Lincoln's face was not what it was when interested.

There is no justification whatever for a statue of the Great Emancipator that—not to speak of other traits—suggests no trace of "gentleness, tenderness or benignity." How any one should want to have such a misrepresentation erected anywhere is as inconceivable as is the strange inconsiderateness of those who are willing to see it erected

in spite of the requests and protests of Mr. Lincoln's own family.

Very sincerely
GEORGE L. RAYMOND

WANTS PUBLIC TO PASS ON BARNARD'S "LINCOLN"

UNION LEAGUE CLUB ASKS THAT REPLICA BE PUT ON VIEW
BEFORE COPIES GO ABROAD

Controversy over the statue of Lincoln by George Gray Barnard was revived yesterday by a resolution of the Union League Club asking that a replica be shown in a public place in the city before copies are sent to London and Paris as expressions of American friendliness.

The statue was made by order of Charles P. Taft, who presented it to Cincinnati, where it has been placed in a park. Mr. Taft afterward offered to give replicas to England and France, as from the American people. Previously, at the time of preparations for the centenary of 100 years of peace among English-speaking nations, it was proposed to supply replicas of the Saint-Gaudens statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and the British Parliament voted a site for the gift in Parliament Square, London.

War suspended the project, and as the site in London was available, Mr. Taft suggested that a Barnard replica occupy it. A similar offer was made to France. Preparations to ship the gifts raised a storm of protest that the Barnard statue was unlike Lincoln and unworthy as a gift. It represented Lincoln as a gaunt, uncouth figure. Robert T. Lincoln, the ex-President's son, was one of the most strenuous objectors to it.

Harry W. Watrous, Chairman of the Committee on Art, offered the Union League Club resolution and Judge Mortimer C. Addoms seconded it at a meeting Thursday night, at which it was adopted. It reads, in part:

"While it is true it (the Barnard statue) was shown a year ago in the courtyard of the Union Theological Seminary, 120th Street and Broadway, this was before it was generally understood that replicas were to be offered England and France. Since then the only means of judging this statue have been by photographs, which at best are unsatisfactory. Therefore, the Union League Club considers it due our citizens that this request be granted.

"Resolved, That the donors or the committee in charge are hereby requested by the Union League Club to give our citizens an opportunity to view this statue by erecting it temporarily in some out-of-door place in the City of New York which is easy of access."

Reprinted from the "New York World," December 15, 1917.

THE BARNARD "LINCOLN"

I look upon this monstrous figure, cast
In bronze, designed for centuries to last
And represent to ages yet to be
The noblest scion of Democracy;
Whose lucid mind and daring spirit gave
The blessed boon of freedom to the slave
And to our nation, torn in awful strife,
A new sure hold on unity and life.

I scan this dull grotesque, and turn away
In painful doubt and wondering dismay,
Shamed by the thought of Lincoln thus belied
Here in the land for which he lived and died
And in the world's great capitals as well!
Is this the ringing story art should tell
Of that outstanding life which bound again
At frightful cost of wealth and life and pain
A sundered nation? Can we let him be
Thus travestied for all futurity?

It may be true that Lincoln would have grown
Into the stolid clown who here is shown
If nature had withheld from him the gift
Of mind and spirit which availed to lift
Him from the level whereto he was born
And split the rails to fence his growing corn.

But he rose high above that low estate;
He took his place among the wise and great.
A grateful people reverence him to-day,
Not for the things from which he broke away
But for the splendid stature he attained.
Him would they reverence not, had he remained
A stupid yokel, wedded to the soil
And bowed beneath the weight of crushing toil.
His mind, his spirit, the great deeds he wrought,
The throes he suffered—did they count for nought?
Making no impress on his outward shell?
No accent in the tale which art should tell?

But even had he been a lumpish lout
Which there is ample reason we should doubt,
There were high moments when the light of truth
Shone on his person, though it were uncouth
And gave rare meanings to its common clay,
Eternal values to the passing day.
So art should manage, somehow, to suggest
The man illuminated, at his best,
And to interpret to futurity
The massiveness of mind, the majesty
Of soul, which made him tower above his time
A character unique, supreme, sublime!

Rayman F. Fritz